Conference Next Week to Explore Media's Penetration into Expression

"Do the streets belong to the people? Abbie Hoffman knows better -- the people are home watching TV."

by Paul Lehman

The technological revolution has penetrated every form of communication including the forms of creative expression. This year's Middlebury Conference, "The Great American Media Machine" March 9 - 12, is a response to the influence of the media upon the cultural milieu.

In some instances, the artist has harnessed the new technology to his own expression. As Herbert Gesner, an experimenter in the field of multimedia and a guest of this year's Conference writes:

"Technology has altered, built, and destroyed; we are surrounded by it and we are directed by it. The day is gone when we judge the works of man by traditional esthetics, an oil painting in an elegant frame cannot compete with the Apollo moon shot on any level: spiritual or otherwise. The artist if he hopes to maintain his meaning and purpose within his society must alter his subjective vision, and hence, his media."

The everpresence of the media has affected the artist in other ways— —the expansion of the range of sensory expression, the loosening of the barrier between the audience and the performer.

The Conference this year found the audience-lecturer format obsolete in presenting the media and the arts. Through a series of performances and demonstrations, the Conference will strive to involve all the senses.

Certain questions should arise during the week . How are we bombarded by the media? How well does the media communicate with us? How has the media explosion become a part of our daily lives? How has the explosion manifested itself in our modes of communication with each other?

The ultimate objective of "The Great American Media Machine" is directed toward a totality of experience, a 3½-day immersion into the new arts. Peter Schumann, director of the Bread and Puppet Theatre writes, "Puppet Theatre is of action rather than of dialogue." So, too, is the Conference.

Boa rd Opposes New Hou sing Development

Recently a bid was made to reactivate the Williamson Heights Development, a plan to create 90 new housing units on Middlebury's Chipman Hill. The attempt was once again opposed by the Town Planning Commission Board. A number of people have been trying to get the Williamson Heights Development underway. The original plan was to sell ninety lots at $3,000 each, and then build houses for about $35,000.

Now, however, Paul Fava, a representative of the present owners, says that the market the developers are aiming for is in the low income bracket. Mr. Vincent Malmstrom, chairman of the Planning Board, feels that the whole plan may have been misconceived. He feels that the prospective buyer who will invest $35,000 in a house in rural Vermont will want more than a sub-divided lot. On the other hand, if low-cost housing is what is called for Mr. Malmstrom feels that row upon row of houses would create the unpleasant effect of a rural "suburbia."

A suggestion for lowering the density of the development would involve selling two or more lots as a single unit. Regardless, because of the poor location of the site and a faulty sewage system cited by the Board, it will be some time before the Planning Commission takes up the problem of Williamson Heights again.

MCAB ACTIVITIES

"Dynamite Chicken" -- March 5,6,7

"Dynamite Chicken" is a new movie "aimed at the college level" that is a wild composite of film clippings of famous contemporary people and groups. It will be shown in Dana Friday at 10:00 Saturday at 2:00 and 11:00; and Sunday at 9:30. Admission is $1.00.

Bing Bingham and Joe Knowlton -- March 5,6,

Bing Bingham and Joe Knowlton, folksingers now under contract for their first album with RCA, are brought back to Middlebury by great popular demand. They will sing in the SDU's at 10:30 Friday and Saturday nights. Admission is 75 cents.

THE CAMPUS

Education Through Experience: Vocational Center to Open

by Duane Kline

Vocational training in many fields will soon be available to residents of Addison County, including college students, with the opening next fall of a government-sponsored vocational center complex at Middlebury Union High School.

Regional vocational centers in Vermont were conceived as a result of state legislation, coupled with federal funds, in 1967.

The Middlebury center will be one of the three largest such centers in the state when completed.

Students from Bristol and Vergennes will be bussed to the center during the morning, leaving afternoons free for academic courses at their respective high schools. An impressive list of 35 courses will be available to 400 expected students in the center's first year of operation. Courses and student numbers are expected to double in succeeding years.

Each course is premised upon "education through experience." The director of the center, Mr. Gerald Mottram, explained that he has worked on similar projects, in Burlington high schools, which were very successful. Mottram stressed that the school was not going to compete with local businesses, but that every effort was being made to give students a practical and not a textbook education.

Government funds will enable the center to offer many adult education classes at minimal tuition costs. The course selections will reflect the demands of the community.

Mottram says he has been pleased with the progress that the center has made, and claims that his biggest problem has been convincing people that the center will be as good and inexpensive (for country residents), as he says it will. In spite of the skepticism, he says townspeople have been "the most cooperative I have encountered in twelve years of working in vocational education."

Redlich Dance Provokes Varied Reactions

by Diana Durham

Shocked, chuckling, skeptical, wide-eyed, murmuring, bemused, smirking, startled, worshipful, confused, transfixed: the Don Redlich Dance Company provoked as many different reactions from its audience as there were upturned faces in Wright Theatre. The versatile, New York City-based company drew a full house Wednesday, February 24. Middlebury theatre-goers, who have shown an increasing interest in the dance as an art form, seemed to find the Redlich Company's performance a thought-provoking, involving experience.

On my part, I nearly gave up jotting down notes, for the choreography and the execution completely engaged my attention. Moreover, I sensed that I was not alone in feeling physically involved with the dancers: many others in the audience responded similarly by sitting on the edge of their seats, oblivious of themselves as spectators. Curiously enough, several people remarked to me, "I didn't really like that dance, but I couldn't take my eyes off the dancers....it wasn't beautiful, but I had to keep watching." These reactions made me conclude that Redlich's choreography made many in the audience brood over their concepts of dance. Yet however much the spectators may have differed in their definitions of dance from that suggested by Mr. Redlich's choreography, I think few could have failed to be thoroughly involved in his dances. The dancers themselves sensed this involvement. One of the company, Miss Santagelo, said later that they found us an especially warm group, and that they felt we were "with them."

If we were "with them," what was the experience in which we were participating? Mr. Redlich's imaginatively mingled media of sound, movement, film and light, set in the context of unusual, refreshing themes, enveloped us in a "choreographed" atmosphere. His "integrated media" approach did more than reach the audience as a multi-sensory experience. Several of the sound tracks complemented his social-commentary themes, bombarding us like an intensified, high-speed coverage by the news media.

The viewer was compelled to relate the social situations suggested by the dancers to his own human condition in a very real, contemporary society. Dance functioning as social commentary differs greatly from the classic, lyrical concept of dance to which we are apt to cling. The majority of Don Redlich's dances forced the audience back into the frustrations of an impersonal, technological age. Sometimes Redlich rubbed our noses in it; sometimes he pulled our legs. Whether he criticized or satirized comtemporary life, Redlich and his dancers involved the audience by dancing the realities we seek to avoid when we go to the theatre to be entertained.

To illustrate this point differently, I might compare some of Redlich's socially-relevant compositions to the works of contemporary poets like Ginsberg and Major. These poets describe a very ugly America, and although they may be skillful in describing it, they hardly uplift or delight the reader. In the same way that one reacts to a political poem, the dance-lover might react to much of Redlich's choreography, "It's not beautiful; that's not dance." However, the same critical viewer would have to concede, "What the Redlich dancers did, they did very effectively."

What the Redlich Company did so effectively, I felt, was to vividly present many of the absurdities of life in an art form. Because these absurdities are part of my own existence, I frankly found three of the dances hard to endure. "Implex," "Tristan, Isolde, Aida, Hansel and Gretel," and "Slouching Toward Bethlehem" make up this group.

"Implex," danced by Elina Mooney and Don Redlich, was a duet that suggested total lack of communication. At no time in the dance did the dancers interact; rather, their movements were thematically and dynamically opposed. Mr. Redlich, aloof in aviator goggles and a white plastic suit reminiscent of a refrigerator, alternated between very sustained and rapid, mechanical motions. Miss Mooney walked squares on the floor; fell, shrieked; wriggled; and played ballerina.

The device that tied the two dancers together was a radio that constantly blared fragmented reports on the state of the world. Mr. Redlich remained indifferent, while Miss Mooney reacted with very specific gestures; crossing herself; raising her dress; working on an assembly line; and finally embracing the radio frantically.

"Tristan, Isolde, Aida, Hansel and Gretel," far from conveying any human emotion or the lack of it as in "Implex," was a tremendously clever spoof on the exaggerated gestures and stylized encounters in opera, and on the exploitation of sex in sensational literature.

Danced by the entire company, the composition offended and amused the audience with a Freudian glimpse of objects becoming over-sized sexual organs. Redlich satirized legend and literature by putting his dancers, studded with super-organs, through heroic and romantic postures, and by recombining the pairs against tradition. "Tristan, Isolde, Aida, Hansel and Gretel" could easily have been pornography, but exaggeration and light-heartedness kept it in the realm of satir.

Continued on page 4

Women's Lib Notes

Norman Mailer.. The Prisoner of Sexism

by Torie Osborn

This month's issue of Harper's has hit the stands with its much-publicized and lengthy feature essay by Norman Mailer, entitled "The Prisoner of Sex." The editors of Harper's in their foreward to an issue almost exclusively devoted to this article, carefully assert their belief that Women's Liberation is "a development of possibly very great significance to the future of American society." They go on to say that Mailer's essay is "a bold analysis of the Women's Liberation movement" which "moves with his characteristic courage and humor through perhaps the most perplexing, not to say threatening, problem of all: The private relations between men and women."

Newsweek magazine is not so subtle in its account of Mailer's work: it states that Mailer "dramatically pits the primal fire of his loins against the clinical dialectic of women's lib."

For those people, including myself, who read Newsweek's flamboyant introduction before reading Mailer's essay, "The Prisoner' of Sex" may be a trifle disappointing. That Mailer lets loose an impassioned and irrefutable attack (supported, of course, by the "primal fire of his loins") on the whole Women's Liberation Movement and levels it in one fell swoop is an entirely misleading impression.

Mailer's essay is by no means definitive. There is candor here and, at rare and guarded moments, even humility——and, of course, eloquence. But Mailer's focus is narrow. He deals with precisely that with which he wants to deal; whereas we are supposed to assume that he has covered a broad survey of issues and ideologies.

Included in this long essay is substantial criticism of feminist literature. Mailer's careful scrutiny of some of the comtemporary feminists' writings, and most specifically of part of Kate Millet's "Sexual Politics," is largely justifiable. He is objective———almost scholarly———and brings to light some of the glaring flaws in the logic and rhetoric of movement spokeswomen.

His attack on Miss Millet's book focuses entirely on the portion of "Sexual Politics" that deals with Henry Miller, D. H. Lawrence and Jean Genet. Mailer frankly and objectively criticizes a work that was not so objective in its evaluation of these authors. Here he illustrates the extent to which Miss Millet has misused the literature by taking quotations out of context, using misleading excerpts from the original texts, etc.

Mailer's analysis is initially fair, but even this portion of his essay, which is perhaps the strongest, is not without its shortcomings. In his inimitable way, Mailer overreaches himself. After a largely successful attempt at saving D. H. Lawrence from Miss Millet's biased treatment, Mailer himself falls into the trap of subjectivity and drowns Lawrence in Mailer's own rhetoric. Having made the valid point that Lawrence's understanding of women was one that often brought out their strength and independence as an important and positively motivating force in his novels, Mailer finds that he must go on to make Lawrence a hero———almost a martyr for the cause of his "religion of the phallus."

His argument reaches ludicrous proportions when he writes that Lawrence "was of the classic family stuff of which homosexuals are made" but had "lifted himself out of his natural destiny" and had "diverted the virility of his brain down into some indispensible minimum of phallic force..."

And so it goes. Mailer's arguments———and this is but one example———consistently lose their force as his rhetoric, his own personal (and, I have to say, sexist) vocabulary and style take over.

Beyond this intrinsic flaw in Mailer's consideration of "Sexual Politics" is the more important one that he does not even cover the rest of Miss Millet's book. He has carefully singled out that part which is weakest, most subject to criticism, and he ignores the more substantial portion that delineates the author's basic theses.

Nowhere does Mailer attempt to challenge or refute Millet's well-developed theory about the patriarchal nature of our society and how patriarchy fosters oppression of women at every level. Mailer's narrow focus thus presents an incomplete and weak challenge to Millet's book.

The rest of Mailer's essay revolves around his basic assumption that Women's Lib is somehow inextricably linked by its dehumanization (from his viewpoint) with the rise of modern technology.

As I read his thesis, two things stood out in my mind. First, it seems that his assumption is fundamentally false. Can it be that a movement that attempts to give to women their basic human rights and to free them from certain oppressing forces really be dehumanizing? It seems to me that the underlying spirit of Women's Lib, as well as its ideology, is a humanizing one.

Aside from this basic disagreement, I saw in his depiction of the "dehumanizing" aspects of Women's Lib an unwarranted, sentimental, and absurd idealization of the notion of womanhood as it once supposedly had been and no longer would be if Women's Lib had its way.

Mailer's idea is that somehow with the development of medical technology———from the abolition of the midwife and the initiation of the use of anesthesia at childbirth to the use of the Pill, abortion, and the potential for extrauterine fertilization———has deprived mankind of its essential "human" valuation of the gift of procreation.

What Mailer comes right out and states is this: since women no longer risk death in childbirth, or have to suffer its agonies with boiling water and midwives, and since they can now determine whether or not sexual intercourse will lead to pregnancy and the presumably enviable experience of childbirth as it used to be, the whole mystique, the essential beauty and duty of women has been lost. Mailer, with a detached and sentimentalized perspective that no female could ever have, has wrought an image of women that verges on fanatical schmaltz.

I don't believe that there is a woman in the world who would give up the options of controlling her life that have been given her, and there are many women who realize that these new choices are only the first step in making possible the opportunity for fullfillment that women have been denied by just such people as Mr. Mailer.

Mailer has more to say, much of it tainted by his outrageous assumption that womankind has been marred by the "dehumanization" of technology, and that Women's Lib, as promotor of more of the same, is a destructive force. At one point, after decrying the separation of the act of sexual intercourse from its result of pregnancy, he states simply "Good fucking makes good babies."

His essay should be read by all for its provocative attempts at insight and for its real candor. It is limited by the limits of the man's vision. But its rare instances of humility and Mailer's criticism of some contemporary feminist literature demand acknowledgement and respect.

Newsweek says this piece may be "the first major barrage of the 1971 campaign in the war between the sexes." I hope not. As I read the essay, I kept saying to myself repeatedly that Mailer somehow is missing the point.

His proclamation-attack, etched with characteristic eloquence, may well be a tantalizing target for rebuff by Women's Lib leaders, but it isn't worth the effort. Better that feminists learn what it can teach them, but finally let Mailer's statement stand in its own weaknesses.

on other campuses

by Cannon Wann

Responding to the nationwide day of protest called last weekend by the Student-Youth Conference at Ann Arbor, Michigan, an anti-war rally was held on Boston Common consisting of Northeastern, Boston University, and other area college students. As the demonstration gained momentum, the protesters marched to the State House, vandalizing the area. At least 12 arrests resulted and there were six known injuries. Plans were announced at the rally for a May-Day march on Washington in support of the People's Peace Treaty. The Student Mobilization Committee is also sponsoring an anti-war demonstration in Washington April 24.

Hundreds of black students at Prairie View College in Texas, angered at curfew hours, cafeteria prices, and the "old ideas" of the administration, burned down a building last week and looted the campus bookstore. Although there were no injuries or arrests, the black president of the mostly Negro college of 5,000 students said criminal action would be taken against those who could be identified.

The Worcester Area Peace Coalition was recently formed as a local confirmation of the People's Peace Treaty, and as a hopeful reinitiation point for action by concerned individuals. An announcement was made that a Worcester representative would be among 160 people going to Paris in late March to personally contact members of the Peace Talks, expecially those from Southeast Asian countries. A representative of Veterans Against the War, a national organization, will present a special slide show of pictures taken by Vietnam veterans.

In response to a year-long study concerning employment, Harvard University's plans to end bias and to increase equal employment opportunity for women and members of minority groups at all levels of employment have been accepted by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Outgoing President Nathan M. Pusey recognized that additional efforts besides the non-discrimination policy would be required to achieve a University community that more accurately reflects the composition of American society.

Yale University President Kingman Brewster denounced last week the U.S. war policy in Southeast Asia as immoral. Speaking at the annual Alumni Day luncheon, Brewster commented that our Southeast Asia policy was designed "as though America had no concern for the sanctity of human life... the reduction of casualties, even the withdrawal of all American troops does not mitigate the moral responsibility for the spread of the war; for the indiscriminate bombing of neutrals; for the scorching of forests and villages; for the massacre of the innocents."

A teach-in concerning the war was held last week at Yale, which sponsored Ramsey Clark, former U.S. Attorney General; Averell Harriman, former Paris peace negotiator; and Rep. Bella S. Abzug (D-N.Y.). Abzug, at a similar teach-in at Harvard commented, "We need a strong resurgence on and off the campus to get 218 members of the House and 51 members of the Senate to act to end the war..."

Other teach-ins were held at Princeton, Duke, Notre Dame, the University of Pennsylvania, and the University of North Carolina. Sen. Edmund Muskie (D-Me.) spoke at Pennsylvania and Julian Bond appeared at U.N.C.

Approximately 75 black students at Stanford University staged a "book-in" one night last week in Meyer Undergraduate Library, stacking over 1000 books on the check-out counter shortly before the library closed. The incident occurred after the one week deadline set by the Black Students Union (BSU) at a rally at which 10 demands were made to the University passed apparently without any official response. Four campus policemen were summoned by library officials, but arrived too late to stop the group which marched off into the adjacent dormitory area.

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THE DOG TEAM

Oldtime Fiddling: "Closeness and Good Friendship Most Important of All"

by Ann Yerpe

On the eve of the formation of the Addison County Danny Dragon Memorial Chapter of the Northeast Fiddlers, it seems appropriate that the college community learn something about oldtime music in Middlebury and vicinity. The organization for all of the northeast is the Northeast Fiddlers Association Inc. (RD 3, Barre), founded in 1959 by Clem Myers for the following purposes (taken from the latest newsletter):

"(1) to promote oldtime fiddling and aid its survival. One method is to interest potential fiddlers...We must also arouse public interest and enthusiasm in our art..(2) to encourage present day fiddlers to fiddle both for their own satisfaction and for the enjoyment of others...(3) we must privide a place for the lonesome oldtime fiddler...many of our fiddlers who have not played for years are now coming to meetings and enjoying themselves.....(4) the wonderful closeness and good friendship everyone had found in our Association. THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL..."

I can vouch for the friendliness of the members of the organization. Being a fiddler myself, I went to the meeting in Bristol last November and the one in Middlebury the eighth of January, meeting the fiddlers, playing with them and learning their tunes, which are so entirely different from the southern tunes I'm used to. As a result of my interest, several of the Middlebury area fiddlers have become my friends——Dick Gordon, Harry Stark, and Len Andrews, amateur historian of fiddles tunes. Last Thursday evening we met at the Middlebury Inn's Pine Room to play tunes and discuss oldtime fiddling; we were joined by Dominic Laplante, his wife, and son Jean, and by Bob Many on guitar and mandolin.

Dick, Harry and Dominic are all old-timers when it comes to fiddling. Dick, who comes from a long background of fiddlers, has been playing since the age of seven and recently took third place and a contest in Newport, Vt. The only non-players in Dick's family were his two grandmothers, but that didn't stop his mother——she still picks up the fiddle once in a while. Dick remembers she used to sit down and sing or play the tunes a lot during the day, "just so we kids could learn them." His grandfather got his fiddle for 24 coupons of bluing and 50 cents the year before the big snowstorm in 1887.

Harry Stark, currently in Bristol, began at the age of eight, learning mainly from his grandfathers and his father, and travelled with various bands for a period of eleven years. He can be frequently heard downtown on a Friday or Saturday night, backed up by electric guitars and drums. Dominic Laplante began fiddling late in comparison, at 18——he didn't have the money for the fiddle until then. That makes about 52 years he's played fiddle, although he says he's rusty these days, and rarely plays for anyone. Somewhere along the line he also picked up push-button accordion, and his wife plays piano and organ and several other instruments.

The old functions that supported oldtime fiddling are pretty much gone now. (Oldtime fiddling is hard to define——it's generally considered to comprise tunes over 50 years old, thus excluding modern buegrass tunes.) Any night of the week folks used to get together at a home and dance to a fiddle, and musicians would play at weeding receptions and parties.

Fiddlers generally played at dances for the extra money ——about a dollar a night—— "and we didn't used to have no guitars to back us up, either, did we, Dominic?" "No, I guess not; many's the time I played all alone." And Harry added, "Many's the time, too, that we didn't get home till daylight, and then it was time to go to work again."

When the fiddle joins a square dance band, as the lead instrument, the runs in the old tunes get lost because of the length of the pieces; no fiddler is going to have the strength to play fancy runs when the dancing to that tune may go on for fifteen minutes and when people can't hear that well anyway. The musicians in bands would trade off when someone's fingers got tired, enabling them to play for hours at a squaredance (of course, they rested between sets, too).

At this kind of a function fiddle tunes and the art of fiddling have remained alive much longer than in the home-dance of the fiddler who plays for his own enjoyment. Live bands in the Middlebury area continued until about five years ago, in Charlotte and Lake Hortonia: but they charge so much now, in order to make a living, that they aren't hired much.

When you hear fiddlers these days it seems they are either in a band with other folk instruments (5-string banjo, of which there are several on campus, acoustic guitar, mandolin), or they are electrified, or they have a pickup and are backed up by electric guitar, electric bass, and drums, all of which are necessary to overpower the noise in the places they play. To most of the oldtime fiddlers' ways of thinking, the fiddle loses something when it is amplified——it somehow is too loud; perhaps a physicist would say some of the harmonics and resonances are lost.

At the Fiddlers Assn. meetings (the next is at Champlain H.S., South Burlington, March 7) the fiddlers are very happy with just a piano as they play into a microphone, although the electric guitars and the drums give the tunes a good beat and help fill the usually large auditorium space. All ages accumulate——families bring their kids to listen, some youngsters fiddle; a few college-age people, including some from Middlebury, play; and then there are the older folks who have been playing for years. Some older folks haven't, though; one fellow, Dr. Wein, had only been playing a few months when I heard him play in November.

Whatever their age and ability, they are always ready to teach or learn a new song, to give pointers to a struggling beginner, and to help in any way they can, once you have shown a true interest. The hope in the Fiddlers Assn. is to encourage young and old to appreciate oldtime fiddling, and especially to bring back those old-timers who have stopped for lack of general interest. Maybe, like Dominic, they will hear tunes again and yearn to pick up "le violin" once more, and will say, "Next time I see you all again I'm gonna beat you all to hell!"

YACHTING SUMMER POSITIONS

The American Yachting Association with listings on the East Coast, West Coast, Gulf Area, and the Great Lakes is soliciting for summer crew applicants.

Positions are available for experienced as well as inexperienced male and female college students and graduates. Experience in cooking and child care may be particularly helpful.

Crewing affords one the opportunity to earn reasonable sums while engaged in pleasant outdoor activity.

To apply type a 1 page resume following as closely as possible the form shown below. In April your resume will be edited, printed and sent to approximately 1500-2500 (depending on area) large craft owners.

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LETTERS

Power Plant

To the Editor.

Your story in the February 18th issue of the campus was misleading. It sounds like a power company's publicity release.

You stated: "although a pumped storage plant contributes almost nothing to the pollution of the air..." This is false. Such a plant pollutes in exactly the same way that any other steam generator plant pollutes.

Demand for electricity varies during the 24-hour period, with a peak during the day, and a slack time at night. During peak periods a pumped storage plant distributes all of its generated power to its consumers, including some power produced by running water from the upper lake down into the lower lake, turning turbines, and generators, on the way. During the slack periods, the steam plant continues to operate at full power, but uses the excess electricity to pump water from the lower lake back up into the higher lake.

Thus the lakes and pumps make a sort of gigantic storage battery for electrical power. Boilers and generators will not have to run as hard during the peak hours, but they will run much harder during the slack periods than is the case with an ordinary plant. Thus, probably, such a plant will pollute more than an ordinary plant.

The plant itself may be a fossil fuel plant or a nuclear fuel plant. The power company has left that matter open. Furthermore, it would destroy a hundred acres of farmland, ruin the New Haven River, or a large part of it, as one of the finest trout streams in Vermont, and, in the mountains above, destroy Beaver Meadows, presently a Forest Service Trail, scenic, and a natural history area.

The choice of this site for such a plant merely demonstrates the total insensitivity on the part of the power companies to our urgent need to preserve the environment. The power companies simply do not care. Please don't be taken in by their propaganda.

John Clagett

Sacred Harp

To the Editor:

Sacred Harp singing lives in Middlebury!!!

Sacred Harp hymn-singing had its beginnings when English settlers came over, bringing their hymn-tunes with them. Later, Wesleyan missionaries and traveling preachers added to the southern repertoire. As settlement spread and grew, American composers took up the style, which stems from the tradition of Charles II of England, who liked foot-tapping church music. Now popular only in the back-country areas of the South, these "Sacred Songs, Hymns, Odes, and Anthems," printed in oblong books with shapenotes, were once highly popular in the more rural areas of the east coast. One of the most prominent composers and arrangers was William Billings of Boston, after whose death the singing declined in the northeast.

Musically the tunes are characterized by a lack of subtleties such as chromaticisms, modulations, suspensions and thirds in the chord, and by frequent parallel octaves and fifths.

If anyone is interested in singing these vigorous tunes, contact Box 1151.

Anne Yerpe

Redlich Dance...

"Slouching Towards Bethlehem," the final number, contained little absolute movement in the sense of being tightly choreographed. It was structured loosely around the props: paint of four different colors, buckets, and 20 pounds of newspaper. Resembling a "happening" in its apparent spontaneity, this dance struck me as a kind of kinetic sculpture. From a very geometric, deliberate floor pattern, the movements worked into progressively more chaotic, follow-the-leader sequences: crowding, playing hopscotch, painting each other and rolling on the floor. The newspapers and paint filled the atmosphere. Evidently the dancers had a wonderful time exploring the possible variations of each movement. In fact, the dance could have been extremely comical, had it not been for the accompanying essays by Joan Didion, "Marrying Absurd," and "Slouching Towards Bethlehem." These essays dealt with ironic drug abuses, sex crimes and wartime attrocities.

The peculiar juxtaposition of the dancers gleefully destroying the newspapers, baptising or sacrificing each other with paint, and the title drawn from Yeats' doleful prophecy, "The Second Coming," alarmed me as artistic anarchy. Moreover, I doubt that the chaotic quality of this dance amused anyone who responded to the "music" of Redlich's "choreographed atmosphere."

I suggest that Mr. Redlich intends to reach his audience through the total impact of his atmosphere. The four dances completing the program seem to confirm my theory, although their intended impacts differ from the three just described. "Jibe," "Air Antique," "Cahoots," and "Earthling" ranged from eerie to comic to wistful in spirit.

"Jibe", done to electronic music, effectively combined the rustling of plastic strips, a film or scrim, and colored lights. The nearly bare bodies of the whole company performed percussive and interweaving movements contrasting with chain-reaction sequences and frozen positions. "Jibe" evoked for me a series of surrealistic figures hooked up to an electric circuit.

"Cahoots" satirized an hilarious, comic-strip courtship. Miss Mooney and Mr. Redlich, clowns in neon-bright paper, ran stiffly like dolls, then progressed to the intimate gestures of slapping, challenging and finally touching and embracing. The music consisted of the moans, cries and grunts that punctuated their movements.

The lyrical solos, "Air Antique" and "Earthling" showed Mr. Redlich's versatility as a choreographer. "Air Antique" contrasted classical, flowing movement to a precipitous, mechanical dynamic, making good use of Miss Santagelo's flowing hair and fluid dress. In "Earthling," Mr. Redlich opposed thrusts outward to inward spirals and twisted falling and rising level-changes. The pleading motif of the hands made the lyrical movement and weightless quality rather wistful. Why "Earthling?" Perhaps to remind us that this limber, ecstatic creature is human like his audience.

Record Review: McDonald and Giles

by Mark Zuroff

When King Crimson disbanded, many people wondered what would happen to the talent in the English group that created such a distinctive sound. What happened was that Ian McDonald, the writer and probably most versatile musician of the group, joined with Michael Giles, Crimson's drummer, to produce an ambitious album reflective of the original group but distinctive in its own right. Mcdonald, playing everything from guitar to zither, is accompanied by Giles on percussion, Peter Giles on bass, and they are joined by the distinctive organ of Steve Winwood, who seems to be showing up everywhere these days.

The album is a big production attempt and it is obviously a studio endeavor. The music is big in terms of its arrangement with strings and brass but it nevertheless conveys a mood of lightness and freedom. Both McDonald and Giles provide the vocals but their voices are filtered and present themselves as part of the larger arrangement rather than as the core of the songs. Their voices are gentle and are reminiscent of early Beatles. The words are not socially relevant but are concerned with lighter themes of life which blend well with the tone of the music.

Continued on page 11

the great american media machine

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Creative Knife Left Unguarded

"Islands in the Stream," by Ernest Hemingway Charles Scribner's Sons, 466 pp., $10)

by Michael Reed

Hemingway once wrote something to the effect that he as a writer would rather possess a worn, familiar, and even dulled and blunted knife which had been used widely and a great deal than a shiny, brand-new blade with a razor-like edge which had never even been unsheathed. Hemingway was a man who besides writing also subjected himself to a great deal of painful wear and tear out in the big world, and it was his hope and belief that his creative knife, like himself, could periodically be resharpened and revitalized Perhaps it would even cut more cleanly and smoothly and truly the next time.

He's gone now. He put a shotgun to his forehead ten years ago out at his place in Ketchum, Idaho, an aging man with impaired visions, and it would seem only right that he took his knife with him when he left. It was his, after all.

He left us while still in pretty good standing, really. He had bounced back from a not very good novel, Across the River and Into the Trees, and had written The Old Man and the Sea and A Movable Feast, the latter work complete but not yet published when he died. Both of these works can stand on their own in Hemingway's legacy of literary accomplishment. They, like all that he had written prior to them, had for better or for worse met certain personal standards which Hemingway established for himself, and he had consequently had them published and placed before any audience which they might merit.

Those were the gone, good old days when Hemingway was still living, when he was still capable of doing what he chose with his own writing.

Well, someone has gone and gotten a hold of Ernest's knife somehow, and they have tampered with his private blade and hacked out this ungainly thing called Islands in the Stream. And, as a final gesture of irreverence towards a dead and defenseless writer, then have gone and stuck the label "a novel" on the front of it. Were he alive, I don't believe Hemingway would have tolerated this.

Islands in the Stream, ostensibly a single cohesive novel, is more correctly a wandering, loosely related series of reminiscenses, events, conversations, and tragedies. Taken altogether, it is a poor, flabby excuse for a Hemingway novel: there is no center to hold tight and things fall apart.

The story takes place in the Caribbean during the mid-1930's and early 1940's, and it concerns portions of the life of one Thomas Hudson, dreamer, painter, sailor, and warrior. The book is divided into three parts, "Bimini," "Cuba," and "At Sea."

Part I, "Bimini," introduces us to Hudson, a middle-aged and successful painter who lives alone in his big white house on one of the Bimini Islands. As the story opens, Hudson, a lonely, twice-divorced man who purposefully devotes himself to his painting, is awaiting the arrival of his three sons for a visit.

The boys arrive and they provide the early part of the book with some good action scenes, some nostalgic, only partially convincing dialogue, and a few humorous moments. Young Tom, the oldest of the three sons and born of Hudson's first wife, becomes engaged with Hudson in some sad serious recollections of the 19-20's when they had lived in Paris. It sounds an awful lot like A Moveable Feast all over again, and it is not the sort of conversation which dynamically moves a novel along. It is an out-of-place interlude, and the sons all sound like miniature, faceless Thomas Hudsons when they talk.

Though jagged and uneven, Part I does have its strengths. The long scene where David, Hudson's favorite son, battles the gigantic swordfish is exciting and holds the reader's attention. Hemingway's evocative descriptive powers are also still evident:

"The water of the Stream was usually a dark blue when you looked out at it when there was no wind. But when you walked out into it there was just the green light of the water over that floury sand and you could see the shadow of any big fish a long time before he could ever come in close to the beach."

But there is something missing here, something wrong. We see Hudson not as a strong, active person but a subdued man who is long-winded with his inner thoughts. He regrets his old stupidities, he fights off the loneliness, he realizes the wavering fragility of his own stoical existence on the island. The boys leave and then, at the end of Part I, he receives a radio message notifying him that his two younger sons have been killed with their mother in an auto accident in France. Hudson boards a ship for the voyage across the Atlantic; we see a distraught man who is rapidly losing any self-confidence that he once might have possessed.

The leap from Part I of the book to Parts II and III is long, dubious, and unexplained. We now find ourselves on the island of Cuba. The war is going on, and Thomas Hudson turns up as the captain of a boat which chases German submarines in the Caribbean. The intervening years since Bimini are not accounted for. This is not at all like Ernest Hemingway.

Throughout Part II, entitled "Cuba," Hudson remains on the island itself waiting for orders to go back to sea. In one of Hemingway's weaker moments we find dozens of pages of endless chatter about how Hudson loves his cats; he is staying at his Cuba place, and he has cats all around him. They are his best friends, apparently. Robert Jordan and Frederic Henry would shudder in their graves if they only knew.

Hudson somehow finally manages to break himself away from the cats and drives into Havana in order to receive his new orders and do some drinking. He has no new assignment yet but he does get to his favorite bar, and Floridita, where he spends most of the day slugging drinks down and conversing with a number of Havana's leading lights including Honest Lil, the proud old whore who knows everyone.

Then who should suddenly walk into the bar but Hudson's first wife, a woman whom he still seems fond of. They head back out to his place for old time's sake——she is now a U.S.O. entertainer who just happened to be in Havana for the day. Hudson breaks some bad news to her: their fighting son was recently shot down and killed in Europe. They comfort each other and hash over old mistakes together. Hudson suddenly receives a message ordering him to come into Havana immediately. The time has come, and they say goodbye. Thus ends Part II.

Part III, "At Sea," finally represents Hemingway writing that which he could indeed write well: the fast-paced, gripping action story with compelling dialogue and the tragic ending. We sense that Hemingway is finally back in his realm here. But it is too late. Part III could perhaps deserve to be a novel in and of itself, but it has no business sitting at the end of this meandering, uneven book the way it does.

Hudson is at sea now with his crew of diverse characters, and they are hot on the trail of some escaping German sailors who had survived the sinking of their submarine. It is dangerous, sticky business, and Hudson struggles to keep his grieving head together. He has to get the job done. "Get it straight. Your boy you lose. Love you lose. Honor has been gone for a long time. Duty you do." That's about all that he has left, his duty. The passion and love of life has gone out of Thomas Hudson, and all that he can do now is obstinately push ahead like a lemming to the sea. They finally catch up with the Germans, a fierce battle takes place, and Hudson lies dying on the deck of the boat. "He felt far away now and there were no problems at all. He felt the ship gathering her speed and the lovely throb of her engines against his shoulder blades which rested hard against the boards." With that the book ends.

Islands in the Stream is distinctly unlike the remainder of Hemingway's fictional work. His short stories and novels earned him his reputation, and their brilliance was based upon certain prevailing features within them: the tightness of their plots and the precise, controlled focus of their time elements; their successful dependence upon action and dialogue as means of illustrating character and of propelling the story; a disinclination to muddle about in his character's heads——Hemingway's characters were largely doers compelled by such things as courage, fear, pride, and love rather than ponderous intellects.

Taken as a whole, Islands in the Stream does not live up to these and other established precedents. It is not smoothly and tightly constructed, it is unusually negligent in its use of the time factor, it tends to muddle about in heads——sad, tired, and lonely heads at that.

So what? might be the response: the old guy just lost his touch, that's all. The trouble with this explanation is that Hemingway was known to be a painstaking artist who demanded much of himself. There is nothing to say that good writers can't lose their touch, but perhaps there is something which says that an immensely proud and skilled writer would not allow to be published that which he realized was inferior or unfinished.

Mary Hemingway, Hemingway's widow, combined with Charles Scribner, Jr. to put this "novel" together. In her introductory note to the book she claims that they made no additions to Hemingway's "original manuscript" although "we made some cuts in the manuscript, I feeling that Ernest would surely have made them himself." I wish I could be as confident and certain as she is.

We will perhaps never know what Hemingway himself intended to do with these writings concerning Thomas Hudson. That is the irony of it all, we will simply never know for sure. Who knows what sorts of unworthy, second-rate stuff great writers have privately locked away in their desk drawers?

While he lived, Hemingway wielded a finely-balanced, experienced knife. He did admirable things with it. It is unfortunate that he was utterly incapable of guarding it close to him when he left.

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The new darkrooms are now open and operating. To use them at $15.0 registration fee is charged, five of which is for a key, and will be refunded at the end of the year. Also required is an orientation, which may be arranged by contacting Skip Atwater, campus mail box C 733.

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An Interview With The Academic Vice President

The following is the second in a series of interviews with major administrators of the College. This interview, with Paul Cubeta, Academic Vice-President of the College, was conducted in written form at his request. The interview is intended ot illuminate the nature of the administrative post , and explore some of the problems the College is presently facing.

THE CAMPUS: What do you do?

PAUL CUBETA: Since I'm the first officer of the College to hold the title of Academic Vice President, I suppose the job will mostly get defined in the doing, or in the undoing. My job is to do as well as I can anything President Armstrong asks me to do. I hope I can relieve the President of some of the executive duties of the day-to-day operation of the College, so that he will have more time available for fund raising. I advise the President on anything he seeks an opinion on and on some things he does not.

As Chairman of the Teaching Resources Committee, which is composed of the four Division Chairmen, I share with Dean Turner the responsibility of recommending increases and decreases in faculty sizes, faculty leaves and research grants. We shall also be determining what programs and courses can be added to the curriculum when financial commitments are involved.

Dean Turner and I have spent a good deal of time fretting through the problem of the relation of tenured to untenured faculty since every tenured appointment is a College commitment of more than half a million dollars in salary and benefits right into the Twenty-first Century. When we are hiring faculty, Dean Turner and I work with department chairmen.

As Chairman of the Space Advisory Committee, I share responsibility for recommending allocations of space. I have responsibility for recommending priorities in the academic budget and for determining the need for the changes in budgetary allocations during the year. Upon the invitation of the Faculty Subcommittee on Promotion and Tenure, I, along with the Dean of the Faculty, sit with the Committee while it deliberates on recommendations for the reappointment, promotion and tenure of faculty members.

As a member of the Graduate Language Council, I share responsibility for recommending new directions in our Language Schools here and abroad. I am also Director of the one that's more literature then language———the Bread Loaf School of English. What I like to do best is to talk with students about Shakespeare.

CAMPUS: Do you think the College is having an identity crisis in terms of academic priorities? What is the direction of the College?

CUBETA: A year ago I thought that establishing academic priorities meant: What new ventures will we undertake in what order? As the financial plight of all colleges has grown, I recognize that the decisions may have to be made in reverse: what can we give up and still be a first-rate liberal arts college?

So far, we are in good shape. We are not overextended in our academic commitments. We are not dependent on federal or state support. We are attracting fine students. We are strongly supported by our alumni.

Nonetheless, we have lost the momentum of the late 60's——expanding the faculty, creating a new curriculum, generating new directions in art, science, music, foreign languages, for example. There is a danger that in taking stock, we will grow stagnant; that in fretting about finances all the time, we'll lose the courage to experiment.

CAMPUS: What should be the role of the Administration in determining the academic function of the College?

CUBETA: In defining the position of Academic Vice President, I find myself repeating the word share. As teachers who administer, the Administration can propose or can control, but without vigorous initiative generated by the faculty, there will not be much to administer. Educational policy is a principal concern of the faculty.

CAMPUS: To what extent do you think the various constituencies of the community should be involved in decisions of major financial allotments for improvement of a particular department or facility, or the reverse, in decisions to cut back?

CUBETA: If the faculty approves of the Resources Council, recommended by the Governance Committee, there will be created a body of faculty, students and administration to advise the President on major financial reallocations.

Decisions to add are easy to make and to defend. If we are forced to cut back, not just trim, that may be a responsibility the President cannot delegate. It is simply not realistic to believe that the faculty could eliminate a whole department, a program, an intercollegiate sport, or a fringe benefit program without profound wrenching. I can remember a time when the faculty refused to abolish the Home Economics major even though the refrigerator-student ratio was 11:00.

CAMPUS: What areas specifically are currently under consideration for expansion or cutting back? Will the College be forced to expand its student body or cut back on the number of faculty?

CUBETA: So far, we are holding the line with the hope that the 1971-72 and the 1972-1973 budgets will not exceed substantially the size of the budget of 1970-71. This will mean pruning expenses, dropping a few fringe activities perhaps, but nothing radical. The faculty has accepted in good spirit the necessity of only modest raises or even none at all.

If inflation continues unchecked, I should prefer to confront squarely decisions about doing fewer things well and supporting them fully. The Teaching Resources Committee has recommended to the President that we retain the present size of the faculty by shifting departmental sizes to respond to the pressure of student enrollments. We are increasing the size of the Sociology-Anthropology Department next year, but decreasing Psychology and Chemistry.

With the student body building to 1,800 next year, faculty loads will inevitably increase. We are doing what we can to distribute that burden without disrupting current programs. If we don't use our teaching power well, there will be an erosion of quality. We intend to hold the size of the study body to 1,800, but then we face increased financial pressures because the College won't have the large

Continued on Pg. 8

Asylum

I have done no crime.
I have ordered no man's death,
There was no child, there
Was no still boy or dark girl
Whose dream began
Under my fingers.

I am a careful man
Gathered by walls
on this cold hill.
My dream is a blur of wings.
Look.
Those bricks come unstuck
and drop
Like starlings on the ground.

Who has done a crime?
I count birds
In the wind tilted from my window.
Daily I number them, though
Tomorrow none will appear
As today they
do not.

Out the window and
Down a wall is the world
Of usual things,
Root and rock,
The willow
Where my love and I
Tried a long summer
With starlings turning in me,
Turning in the wind of August
Applauded by flutes and cherries.

Winters
Have seen my knees and cheeks
Dull in their dull walled light.
Now it is winter
here in an absence of birds.

Bruce Morgan

THE CAMPUS

The Campus, the student newspaper at Middlebury College, published at Middlebury, Vermont every Thursday in the College year, except official College holidays and during examination periods. Opinions expressed in the paper do not necessarily reflect the official position of the College. Signed columns, letters and articles are the responsibility of the writer.

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Conference : Bombardment of the Senses

Conference Schedule

7:30: Conference opens: George Todd in a composition of new music for the organ; Peter Hamlin '73 in a performance of tape and light; John MacDonald in a performance of Etherialisms in Mead Chapel.

9:30: "Earth Song" in the Johnson Building. A total experimental drama with music; presented by the seven-member Earth Family Theater Troupe.

Wednesday, March 10

11:00: Graphic display opens, in Proctor. A collection of pop, op, and commercial posters.

12-4: Vermont Educational Television display, Proctor Lounge.

2:00: Student dance performance, in Wright Theatre. "Hot Feet," a Kaleidoscopic progression of dance, incorporating projections, pantomime and music from baroque to rock; choreographed by Ariane Krumholz '73 and Lynn Royer '72

4:00: Kinetic Art Film Program, in Dana. A series of nine award-winning international shorts of both animation and live action.

4:00: Master dance class, in McCullough Gymnasium. Daniel Nagrin.

8:00: Anthony Newman, in Mead Chapel.

10:00: Conference Film Program No. 1, in Dana. "New Dimensions in Cinema," an attempt to explore the variety of methods and processes by which films are made.

Thursday, March 11

2:00: Kinetic Art Film Program reshown, in Dana.

4:00 Conference Film Program No. 2, in Dana. "The Documentary and Information Film": films in which the filmmaker is external to the events that are being filmed as they happen.

7:30: Daniel Nagrin in concert, in Wright Theatre. "The Peloponnesian War," a one-man dance-theatre collage, combining electronic music, the spoken word, pantomime, and dance.

9:30: Drama in the Johnson Building. "El Hajj Malik," a dramatic presentation of the life of Malcolm X, tracing his development from birth to death, directed by Vassilios Haralambides '71.

Friday, March 12

10:00: Lecture-Demonstration, at Middlebury Union High School. Daniel Nagrin, dancer; for high school students: limited public admission.

12:30: Bread and Puppet Theater. A children's program for Middlebury grammar school students, grades 5-6: also Cellar Door Cinema fims, "Menagerie," a collection of animated children-made films, Limited public admission.

2:00: Conference Film Program No. 3 in Dana. "The Cybernetic and Computer Film," computer-made, and videotape overlay films.

4;30: Lecture, in Dana. Mrs. Barbara Reeves, program consultant for "Sesame Street," on the uses and influences of media on children, with film clips of "Sesame Street."

7:30: Bread and Puppet Theater, in Wright Theatre. A performance of "Emilia," a new dramatic work by director Peter Schumann: puppets and masks used in the dramatic context in which theater emerges "as a form of religion."

9:30: "Transformations," in McCullough. Herbert Gesner in a performance of this work, a multimedia presentation about contemporary sensibility and the urban environment, presented by Mr. Gesner on his Envitron-12 slide projectors; 1,200 slides, six tape tracks, electronic music, and more.

Transformation

Herbert Gesner, presented by THE GREAT AMERICAN MEDIA MACHINE via New York Review Presentations offers the final trip of Conference this year. Gesner is the creator of a total mind-bending package deal which he calls the Envitron—— 12 slide projectors, 1200 slides, 6 tape tracks, a series of electronic musical notes, 3 fixed oscillators, a sound synthesizer, a reverberation-delay system, and a dimmer-control dissolve unit.

The vision is called TRANSFORMATION; it jumps off from the city landscape and deals with the impact of lights, sounds, photographic imagery, sizes, shapes, and day-glow, created and recreated by the newest technology. He attempts to "open up experience to the limitations of your mind, rather than the limitations of the medium."

TRANSFORMATION holds artistic, environmental, and psychic possibilities; it involves both new content in the traditional art sense and, perhaps of greater influence, new processes in the production of the form itself.

Sesame Street

Mrs. Barbara Frengel Reeves, an Associate Director of Research for the Children's Television Workship in New York, will speak on the topic: "Sesame Street - the How-What-and-Why." Mrs. Reeves' presentation will involve a discussion of the widely-acclaimed educational television program for pre-schoolers as well as the impact that Sesame Street has had on children, parents, education, and television as a whole.

Peloponnesian Wars

Dancer-actor-mime Daniel Nagrin will appear in a solo performance of his "Peloponnesian War." His brutal innovative style has been characterized as a dance-theater collage, charged with passion and surrealism. And this it doubtless must be, for his choreography incorporates such various modes of movement as pantomime and acting, enriched by change of garb.

Nagrin presents a deliberately fragmented series of short works, the total impact of which cannot be realized until after the final piece is completed. The dance drama is set to an unemotional reading of the classic Thucydides text underscored by the electronic music of Eric Salzman and jazz medley by Archie Shepp.

Earth Song

This American Friends Service Committee Production, is the "total-involvement experimental drama" creation of Martha and Paul Boesing. The play, from the beginning when each playgoer-participant is led by the hand, emphatically involves each member of the audience in questioning man's survival as a joyful being on Earth.

The theater troupe is an expanded family of seven adults and three children. Skilled actors, they are united in their desire to bring people together in working for positive social change. Those planning to take advantage of this remarkable performance are encouraged by the actors to remain afterward to meet the members of the troupe.

Media Machine Presents New Dimension in Films

by Cunnick Wesson

Film plays an evermore prominent position in the technological mediums of communication and artistic expression. Film will therefore hold a very prominent position in THE GREAT AMERICAN MEDIA MACHINE. There will be about 40 films in five separate programs, with two programs being shown twice. The films have been chosen to focus on a basic phenomenon of film: the addition of a third dimension, time, to the two dimensions of the viewing plane.

The first film program, New Dimensions in Cinema, will explore the variety of methods and processes by which films are made. Included will be examples of slow motion and varying lens effects in "Dream of the Wild Horses," split screen in "A Place to Stand," multiple image collage in "Uptight, L. A. is Burning. . . Shit!," line graphics in "Lifelines," filmed painting in "Motion Painting No. 1," painted films in "Pulse," the use of still photographs in "Wipeout," the interspersions of clear and opaque film in "Blinkity Blank," multiple image overlay in "Pas de Deux," and a synthesis of various techniques including painted film, scratched film, distorting lenses, multiple exposure, and the use of clear leader in "Prelude: Dog Star Man."

The second program, The Documentary and Information Film, will consist of films in which the filmmaker is external to events that are being filmed as they happen. These films will present events or facts which are not products of the filmmaker's imagination, but which are re-created and thereby altered on the film, and in the consciousness of the viewer. Films to be presented are: "Cosmic Zoom," "Report," "Ephesus," "Time Is," "The Grateful Dead," "Exposition," and "The Sixties."

The Computer and Cybernetic Film, the third program, will be comprised of computer and video-tape overlay films. The films to be shown are: "Pervutations," "Experiments in Motion Graphics," "7362," "OFF-ON," "Moon 1969," "Beatles Electronique," and "Mosaic." Because of the variety and complexity of processes by which these films are made, they are almost impossible to describe in brief, other than to state that they present very unique and powerful visual experiences.

Also included in the Conference will be Program No. 3 of the Kinetic Art Film series of award winning shorts and animations, and "Menagerie" from the Cellar Door Cinema, colorful animated films made by children.

Incredible String Band: Splashes Edged in White

by Seth Steinzor

I was in Ithaca, New York, visiting a friend a few weeks ago. We had met at her sister's wedding, and were talking about it while her little brother took his bath.

From where we were sitting I could see and hear him, playing with his ships, splashing, punctuating his wild military hymns with gunfire and disaster on the high seas.

At first my then rather self-conscious pacifism was offended. Then I started listening to what he was doing. He was doing deeply loving things with those ships, not getting into war but rather digging intensely wet and plastic and sound.

Then I came back to Middlebury and was asked to write a review of The Incredible String Band's album, U. The only differences I can find between the String Band and Gail's little brother are that the Band is more articulate, that they seem to take their baths together instead of alone, and that, I think, they play with toy ducks rather than battleships. Minor differences, indeed.

Don't let the String Band's seeming philosophical sophistication fool you. They have a talent for beautifully stated banality, where the truth and joy lie in the statement's existence rather than its profundity.

"Now you may have observed that if you walk into a way-you get a certain sense of reality."

Well, it sounds nice, and that's justification enough for saying it. Like a Brautigan novel, the String Band cannot be analysed in terms of content. There really isn't any. It is the total impression, the worldview laid on you by their communication of their experience, that must be spoken of when one seeks to criticize their work. Sometimes I wish that Mike, Robin, Rose and Licorice could sing. Generally I don't much care.

On the libretto enclosed in this double album I find the words "A surreal parable in song and dance," a fair enough description if you define "surreal" as "avant-garde melodrama" and remember that the album leaves out one primely important thing, the dance.

"U" itself is a stage show, complete with mime, dance, Vaudeville burlesque and music. The album contains most of the music. If the show were not such a complete and lovely communication of what the String Band is, this last statement would be a condemnation of the disc.

Indeed, many of the songs suffer without the visual accompaniment, and one or two, such as "Bad Sadie Lee" are positively embarassing. Some are too long and tedious. Some need visual explanation. Some are aesthetically incomplete, with simply not enough emotional force behind the sound to make them musically satisfying without further, visual, stimulation. The album works anyway. There is too much going on in "U" for it not to work.

"U" is many things. It is a classic, simply and beautifully stated, boy-meets-girl love story. "U" is also the story of a philosophical guest, made much more than an exercise in pop intellectualism by its deep emotional backing. The String Band does not state concepts, it lives them and performs them.

Again, "U" is an exploration of the String Band's musical antecedents, showing examples of most of the styles influencing them side by side with their synthesis in the Band's own unique, joyous dancing sound.

The instrumental work on the album is wonderous. It is inventive, always fresh, sometimes simple, sometimes complex, a playful melange of styles as variant as evening ragas and Chicago blues, with most of what comes in between, and all of it melodious.

The singing is not so wonderous, but, except in one or two cases, it is adequate. All of this, however, would be to no avail if the soundtrack did not also manage to capture the fine feelings of the stage show. It does.

In discussing this last statement, I am caught in a dilemma. I can get very lyrical and try to tell you what those "fine feelings" are of mine and fudge the job completely because they're something else to you. Or I can cop out and say, "Listen to 'Ducks on a pond' or 'Job's Tears,' other String Band songs, and if you like them, buy "U" because it's even better.."

But, since the appeal of the album to me lies solely in the fact that it communicates very well the String Band's worldview and lifestyle, maybe I'd better discuss why I think that's worthwhile.

Without discussing Art, I will simply say that the only satisfying aesthetic experience for me is one that changes me. I do not like to be merely entertained. I like to be confronted, to be made to strive, almost forced to go through the artist's own struggle. I like to feel as if I am being made love to. The Incredible String Band does these things to me. I cannot listen to them with intellecutal detachment, and their effect on me is not simply to make me want to dance.

When I listen to "U", I begin to feel what it is to be Mike Heron, et al. And since the feelings of joy, love and wonder that they evoke are common to all men, I feel a mystic community as well. Corny, but true. A child feels these things very overtly, I think, and the String Band makes me temporarily a child again, playing with my ships in the bathtub and getting all involved in how splashes are edged in white.

Hints of Torment in Hendrix' Last Album

by Rich Pagano

Sophistication and coordination combine with fine studio personnel in Jimi Hendrix's last scheduled album, The Cry of Love. It seems that Hendrix not only materialized a new style begun in previous albums, but also returned to his original style reminiscent of Are You Experienced. Songs like Freedom, Straight Ahead, and especially Ezy Ryder (in which Stevie Winwood, Chris Wood, and Buddy Miles add distinctive musical talent) demonstrate this merging of old and new, hard rock and musical excellence.

Here Hendrix has attained a level of acute musical awareness, an almost Bachian sense of interweaving rhythms, tempos, and voices, and a sensitivity toward how much to repeat a measure of a melody. That's quite a consession from one who has preferred Bach's classical music to Hendrix's rock.

There is a wide range of music in this album, more than any other Hendrix work. Ezy Ryder exemplifies the hard rock, Angel the slow, soft sound, and Belly Button Window the blues. In all of these, however, there is a note of sadness, in part due to Hendrix's frequent use of minor chords in the songs, but mainly because of the lyrics. The words show a deep concern for the human crisis (Freedom and Straight Ahead), but there are many hints of his own personal torment during the last weeks of his life. In Belly Button Window, the last cut on the album, the blues that Hendrix sings are so mournful that one wonders whether the album is the young artist's final statement before taking his own life.

Inevitably, The Cry of Love is to become Jimi Hendrix's eulogy, and perhaps will be most valued because of its finality. One cannot help feeling that Hendrix has reached a high point in achieving musical quality and that, had he lived to continue his career, this excellence would have been maintained.

Undoubtedly many critics will claim that admiration of this last piece is no more than praise for the dead. Perhaps this is so, but can one refuse to compliment a fine musical work only because others find less valid reasons for liking it? Maybe the sadness we feel when we listen to The Cry of Love is more that merely mourning his death: "Hello my friend - So happy to see you again - I'm so alone - All by myself - Just couldn't make it."

Town Meeting Explores Issues

by Ana Cara

Towns throughout the state of Vermont held their annual Town Meeting last Monday, March first. Approximately four-hundred voters and a significant number of spectators filled the Middlebury Municipal Building's gymnasium for the Middlebury version of that New England tradition.

The meeting was much like last year's, with essentially the same issues arising, the same answers being given, and the same people speaking. Most of the business was the perfunctory passage of budgetary legislation, with little major dissension.

The two volatile issues of last year———the proposal for a traffic light at Merchant's Row and Main Street, and the amount of salt used to clear the roads———were joined by a third this year; the Town's financing of road and water improvements for the proposed Agway fertilizer plant.

The meeting was called to order by Moderator Ketcham at 7:30 PM. The residents approved all aspects of the proposed budget, though a few questions were raised, and not all were answered satisfactorally some people thought. The total sum raised by taxes this year from the town is slightly above $410,000. Most questions had to do with specific, relatively minor items on the budget, not its general direction.

Mr. John Clagett questioned how much money was being used for salt out of the $11,000.00 stated in the budget under Supplies and Equipment. He made a motion to decrease the amount by $5,000.00 after learning that most of the $11,000.00 was used on salt. It was seconded and discussion followed.

Town Manager Crawford pointed out that the $5,000.00 deducted would most likely be spent on accident costs caused by decreased safety if less salt were used. The use of salt and not sand is necessary in the town since the drainage system feeds into the sewage treatment system. The unpredictability in the weather was a major reason given for the excess of salt sometimes seen on the street. A complaint was made against the high percentage of sodium in the drinking water, and in rivers. The motion was finally withdrawn with a special request to use the snow plow more often and save on salt.

A look was taken at the 1970 actual expenditures and at the proposed future figures:

	1970	Proposed
Fixed Charges	*17%*	*13.4%*
Administration	*17.1%*	*16.5%*
Public Works	*31.7%*	*27.9%*
Public Safety	*13.9%*	*12.8%*
Health & Public Asst.	*7.2%*	*5.4%*
Board and Agencies	*5.6%*	*4.3%*
Parks and Recreation	*4.4%*	*3.2%*
Capital Improvements	*3.1%*	*11.7%*
Miscellaneous	*1.2%*	*1.8%*

The rise in Captial Improvements will be for Sidewalk Construction, a paving program, a ditching program, and Street construction including an extention on Exchange Street. There were some objections to the last improvement since Middlebury College and Agway would benefit from $10,000 of taxpayer's money while other developers have had to pay privately. Crawford argued that such an expenditure would only be an investment for the future, by improving the industrial area and the Town's tax base. Another amendment was made to further reduce the $411,898.00 figure. It was seconded, voted on and defeated. A vote was taken on the final motion and it was passed.

The Town voted to authorize the following question to be voted on Tuesday by Australian Ballot:

> Will the Town authorize and instruct the Selectmen to purchase and install, during the 1971 fiscal year, one traffic light at the intersection of Merchants Row and Main Street, at a cost not to exceed $7500.00 said sum to be raised by taxes, the tax rate percent on the 1971 grand List of the Town sufficient to raise said sum of $7500.00 as taxes to be determined by the Selectmen?

Though the advisibility of a traffic light was discussed briefly, again like last year, the Selectmen felt it unwise to take a stand on such a controversial issue, even to the point of denying the responsibility for having it on the agenda.

Professor Wolff from the Economics Dept. made the voters aware that poll taxes were not deductable and, therefore, would increase the federal income tax liability. He suggested that another way be found to raise the revenue without penalizing themselves.

Before the meeting was adjourned the candidates for public office were presented. A charge was made by one resident against last year's election procedure, labelled "illegal," since the number of votes was greater than the number of voters recorded.

A final motion was made to adjourn the meeting. It was seconded and passed. The time was 9:25 PM.

Cubeta Interview

Continued from page 6

tuition increment that an expanding study body provides.

CAMPUS: Where in the College do you see weaknesses that we are working to improve?

CUBETA: I don't see a weakness we are working to improve as a weakness. What bothers me are the weaknesses we aren't trying to improve. When the faculty voted out the Group Requirements in science and language just last spring, we were told that we would be presented this year with attractive alternatives.

Dean O'Brien's imaginative and provocative proposals have not been given the opportunity for a hearing by the faculty. The freshman year needs our attention. We have voted out more than we have voted in. We are overly concerned about our structures and have trouble creating coherent programs that break out of departmental boundaries.

Was the Winter Term a qualified success? If not, where do we go from here? I see my colleagues devoting most of their energies to departmental programs, and our success in strengthening individual departments has been one of the great achievements of the College in recent years.

We need now to explore new educational directions for Middlebury. This will not be easy at a time of economic stringencies, but it's not impossible with a faculty as strong as ours.

A Photography Club workshop with Paul Caponigro will be held this Friday, Saturday and Sunday. There will be a lecture and slide show at 4:00 PM In Dana Saturday and a discussion in Johnson Lounge at 4:00 pm on Sunday. Paul Caponigro has had over fifty one-man and group shows, including two at the Museum of Modern Art. His prints are in the collections of every major museum in the country.

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Rich Man, Poor Man: Group Portrait of America

"Rich Man, Poor Man," by Irwin Shaw. (Delacorte Press, 1970. $7.95)

by Chris Mooney

Next to Edith Warton's Archers and John Steinbeck's Joads, Irwin Shaw has added the Jordache clan to the list of famous families in American literature. The Jordache family, presented in Shaw's best-selling novel, "Rich Man, Poor Man," is a special one. For while the Jordaches range in experience from the affluence of the Archers in "Age of Innocence" to the tragedies suffered by the Joads in "The Grapes of Wrath," Irwin Shaw has given his characters such variety and depth as to create in them an excellent image of the American "melting pot."

Since the success of his 1948 novel, "The Young Lions," Shaw has mellowed considerably. His large turnout of short stories, plays, and novels has not overtaxed him for the production of a fine new work of fiction; it has rather prepared him for great achievement in the creation of characters. No longer does he put his readers through the unrelenting emotional workout that his masterful story of the second World War evoked.

The precarious bonds Irwin Shaw depicts in "Rich Man" Poor Man" feel the impact of love as well as hate, and of life as well as death. With a style that is more easy-going and less intense than he showed twenty years ago, Shaw displays an even riper sense of understanding and sensitivity.

There are several words that could stand alone to describe the plot: "life," for instance, or "progress." The first book, dated 1945, focuses on the family, interacting tensely, dealing alone with respective problems, and temporarily breaking apart. The parents are a questionable match: Axel Jordache, a bitter German immigrant, bayonetted a Frenchman during the first World War, and takes a strange point of view for the second.

The mother, Mary Pease Jordache, was distracted by her only suitor long enough to forget her plaguing illegitimacy, then found marriage (sex, in particular) to be even more unbearable. The diversity among their children is not surprising. Gretchen, at first reminiscent of every fluffy-haired hospital volunteer from every World War II movie, regrets the loss of her high school acting career for a wearisome office job, all the while harboring a preoccupation with her mother's aversion to sex.

In contrast to her is the incorrigible Thomas who, at the age of sixteen, has met with success both in a local house-of-pleasure and in neighborhood fistfights. Rudolph is perhaps the most remarkable product of the household: he is a seemingly well-adjusted high school junior who earns high grades, stars on the track team, and works industriously in the family bakery. If these characters sound typical (each, no doubt, from a different type of literature), they are not: each one is made memorable by the doubts, the emotions, and the potentials within.

The breakup of the family is explosive, involving a prank of Tom's that backfires, and Gretchen's rejecting a proposition from two black GI's (causing in itself a small obsession not soon to be resolved) for an affair with her employer. When Axel Jordache rows down the Hudson River one rainy night soon afterwards, never to return, Rudolph and his mother are left alone.

The story, however, only begins here. Each of the Jordache children has an amazing life to lead. The author's insight into each of them, and into dozens of vivid minor characters (often bearing names tinged with allegory) vies only with his adept presentation of them in contributing most to the book's merit. Each character is clear, succinct——even when Shaw barely touches them. Long after one has forgotten their names, one is stricken with images of Virginia Calderwood, waiting every night outside Rudolph's door; and of Professor Denton, facing charges of communistic leanings.

For every reader, Shaw provides a character with whom to identify. There is always one for him to look out for—if it happes to be one of the chief characters, the reader can anticipate frequent appearances, nod in agreement or find himself surprised by the way that one's story proceeds. Yet even when the focus is elsewhere, the reader is never tempted to put the book aside; its reading is absorbing throughout, whether Rudolph is in the middle of an important investment idea, whether Gretchen is training for a film-cutter's job, or Thomas is badgering a fellow-prizefighter in a cheap Las Vegas hotel room. Whereas incidents in "The Young Lions" often show the characters involved to be rather offensive, the author seems to set limits in "Rich Man, Poor Man." No readers are repelled.

On a more positive note, Shaw can be praised for his handling of historical events. For readers who do not remember the 1940's and '50's, he brings the victory of World War II and the uneasiness of the McCarthy era into sharp focus, charging them, by way of his up-to-date tone, with immediacy.

A key word in describing "Rich Man, Poor Man" is "evolution"——of America, and of many of the characters as well. While Gretchen's movement is largely horizontal (the biggest variation being the contrast between her two marriages; she does not seem to change a great deal), the flux in state of being and in personality for Rudolph and Thomas constitutes the very motion of the story. Rudolph, with ever-increasing ingenuity and self-assurance, accepts financial aid from Gretchen's first lover to forge past early-morning bakery deliveries and college in a small town to the making of a big business, marriage to an unexpectedly wealthy girl, and success in local politics. His image is suddenly destroyed when he allows personal matters to come before his duties as mayor, for a single day.

The turn of events in Thomas' life is no less surprising. Although Thomas comes to know every nook and cranny of the underworld, he manages to become the most memorable character of all: he achieves important goals, and strives for a high level of happiness.

He grows up, fighting: first, for fun; then, in hatred of a world against which his family's treatment has embittered him; later, for a living, then to defend a friend; and finally, to save Rudolph's waning self-respect, and, in sum, the family. His resulting death is difficult to accept, but he has fulfilled a mission; he gathered the Jordaches together for the joy of his wedding, and, through grief, binds them together for good.

The differences between Thomas and Rudolph——in character, in experience, and in each one's final measure of success——justify Irwin Shaw's title. Although, in wealth, Rudolph has had much good fortune, he is ultimately little happier than Teddy Boylan, the Jordaches' pitiable benefactor. Thomas' demise is tragic, but the atmosphere in which his happiness was rooted is all-encompassing at the end. Happiness, the most important attainment, is clearly the poor man's.

What Irwin Shaw has done in "Rich Man, Poor Man" is to construct a sort of group portrait of America. Through a close tie with each Jordache's consciousness, he has shown us a family that learns to accept the differences within itself, incorporating them into lasting bonds.

Midd Victorious in Jumps, Slaloms

by Jim Gamble

Middlebury [illegible] slalom [illegible] to win [illegible] the [illegible] Middlebury [illegible] Joe McNul- [illegible]rtmouth's [illegible]rd. Midd's [illegible] Wiswell, [illegible]ghed sixth, [illegible] win an [illegible]dlebury [illegible]rtmouth by [illegible]ing into Sat- [illegible]ion, setting up the [illegible]formances in the [illegible] [illegible] men's events were [illegible] serious [illegible]t. Middlebury's SteffieColeon Friday's slalom with a total time of 108.9 seconds, a tenth of a second better than team-mate Pam Reed. Jody Kashiwa lost a ski halfway down the first run, but still managed to place nineteenth.

At Breadloaf, Sophomore Barb Dalrymple won the cross country race with a time of 27 minutes, 31 seconds, a mere second faster than Skidmore's Audrey Painter. Jane McGill was sixth and Joan Lapham placed ninth for the Panther girls.

On Satur[illegible] won the gian[illegible] seconds over St. [illegible] Robin Skiff. Coupled [illegible] second place finish [illegible] lom this was good [illegible] give Pam the women's [illegible] combined alpine tit[illegible] Robin Skiff secon[illegible] Lamson helped out [illegible] in the giant slalom [illegible] Kashiwa tied for [illegible] race limited to one run be- cause of poor visibility.

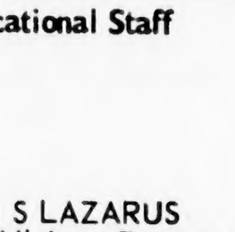
This was the third straight Middlebury Carnival victory for the women, but [illegible] men since 1964. The [illegible] finish was more than [illegible] qualify Middlebury [illegible] national meet taking [illegible] this weekend at Deadwe[illegible]outh Dako[illegible].

Men's final standings showed Middlebury first, following by Da[illegible]outh, second; New Hampshi[illegible] third; St. Lawrence, [illegible]VM, Harvard, Williams, [illegible]ine, New England College, [illegible]nd Army. Women's team [illegible]ndings we[illegible] Middlebury, [illegible]st; New [illegible]ampshi[illegible] second; [illegible]ew Eng[illegible]d Colle[illegible] Third; [illegible]t. Law[illegible]nce, Keen[illegible], Colby J[illegible]or, Skidmore, UV[illegible] Green [illegible]Mountain, and Ply- mouth [illegible]e.

Earlier [illegible] the day Panther Sopho[illegible]e Cully Erdman won the s[illegible]om with a combined tim[illegible]-104.969 seconds, good e[illegible]gh to beat New Hampshir[illegible]s Mark Kingsbury. Tom [illegible]ebink, Jim Vandergrift, and [illegible]cky Rahm were sixth, seve[illegible] and ninth in another stro[illegible] team showing for the Pan[illegible]rs.

On Friday, a surprising S[illegible] Lawrence men's team took [illegible] downhill by placing second, th[illegible] and ninth. Dartmouth's E[illegible] Kankainan took individual hon[illegible] and, coupled with a [illegible]lace, this gave Dartho[illegible] team second. Top skie[illegible] for Middlebury were To[illegible]ebink and Bucky Rahm in [illegible]d seventh place.

St. Lawrence faltered in



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Letter to the Editor

Another View: "Legal Dissent"

To the Editor:

It is difficult to know where to begin in response to Bill Wood's Op-Ed article, "Legal Dissent in an Age of Turmoil," in the February 18th issue of The Campus. My response to the article is largely dissent of two kinds: disagreement as to a basic premise, and disagreement as to the content and conclusions. This letter will only attempt to develop a critical view of the acceptance of one of Mr. Wood's basic premises, and a critical view of the most basic elements of the argument extrapolated from this premise.

First, however, the basic elements of "Legal Dissent in an Age of Turmoil" should be summarized. It is hoped that the author's understanding and summary is basically accurate despite my differing perspective. Initially, through rather brief comments about the Berrigan brothers, the Chicago 7, and Angela Davis, Mr. Wood points to the amount of illegal dissent in contemporary American society.

Then, with the support of a quotation from Lincoln, the potential constructive and destructive value of dissent in America is asserted. After a discussion of legal and illegal forms of dissent, Mr. Wood makes a rather good synthesis of his position. "It boils down to this: in a just society where an unjust law is simply an aberration, there are legal and rational ways to change that law other than civil disobedience."

There follows a discussion noting that civil disobedience encourages lawlessness, that obedience to law is largely by habit, that the righting of one bad law by civil disobedience at the same moment serves to weaken every other just law (habits of obedience can easily turn into habits of disobedience), that "...the preservation of the legal structure of this country is far more important than the effects of almost any corruption...," that "...disrespect for law is the imposition of one moral sense, one morally outraged conscience on the minds of others...," that "...there is a superiority in the collective mind...," and finally that "... the ideal is that opposition or dissent which does not destroy what it is trying to save..."

Disagreement with Mr. Wood's article begins with a basic premise of his synthesis statement. In that synthesis statement, Mr. Wood writes "...in a just society..." A question immediately comes to mind: in American society a just society? Mr. Wood writes as though American society is obviously a just one. This unproved assumption is rather important to Mr. Wood's argument that in America, illegal dissent cannot be tolerated. What is Mr. Wood's criteria for judging American society to be so obviously just?

Presumably, the next phrase, "...where an unjust law is simply an aberration...," is to some extent indicative of that criteria. How much aberration transfers a just society to the category of unjust society? Who is to judge whether the laws are just or unjust? Though the tempation is great, the larger philosophical issues will not be raised here.

In terms of a practical policital context, what is just can be regarded as differing according to perspective. Those benefiting from (what a non-partisan observer might regard as) an injustice are not likely to be at all willing to acknowledge the injustice as such. Those being deprived are meanwhile likely to scream "INJUSTICE" with a pain half-real and half-contrived (simply due to the deprivation, whether unjust or not. It's kind of like having a fever, but holding the thermometer next to the radiator just to make sure it's a "good" fever).

I spent Winter Term working in a poverty law office of the West Harlem neighborhood of New York City. It is interesting that when asked outside the political context of the courtroom (yes, the political context of the courtroom; A trial is an adversary proceeding involving a very real struggle for power) many poverty lawyers will acknowledge a significant bias against tenants in the structure of the law applicable in Landlord-Tenant Court as well as the procedure of that court. And, even more interesting is their acknowledgement of the significant bias against landlords in the City's rent control laws. It will not be argued that injustice and bias are equivalent terms. Questions of justice and injustice in a legal or philosophical sense (not to imply the two views are fully distinct) are hardly simple or easily solved.

Yet, with regard to the preceding examples, it is asserted that the largely irrational biases noted are very possibly good examples of injustice. If these biases were intentionally built-in to correct or prevent injustices, they would not be, perhaps, unjust. But the biases pointed to above do not appear to have any such rational corrective intention. They are biases in the truly derogatory sense of the word.

Furthermore, the above two examples are not to be carelessly tossed aside as "aberrations." Injustices against Blacks have been raging for a long time, and we are only beginning to correct them. Women's Lib, particularly in pointing out sexual discrimination within certain laws, is not an issue empty of content. Other possible examples of injustice are manifold. Read the N.Y. Times. Unjust laws may not be simply aberrant phenomena. In fact, it can be argued that any "free society" heavily imbued with economic influence is inherently likely to have large elements of bias against the poor built into its legal structure.

The preceding examples of prejudice or bias against race, sex, or economic status, all point to another important consideration. One must not view the legal sphere as an isolated phenomenon. American law rests in the context of American society. Even if one grants Mr. Wood's "...rational and legal ways to change..." an unjust law, they may have no meaning either in a society which is unconscious of the injustice it commits, or in the case of a minority which does not have adequate access to these means of change. In the first case, a law is often only as effective as the public opinion or attitude supporting it. If the public is unaware of its own prejudice, a law designed to prevent or correct injustice due to such prejudice may see little use.

In the second case, the American legal system as it is may make it difficult if not impossible for certain minority groups to have real access to the legal modes of change. For examp
example, to have real access example, do the poor have adequate access? Don't kid yourself. Yes, the poor have Legal Services and sometimes Legal Aid. But how effective are these? More important, even assuming that the poor have adequate legal assistance (a questionable assumption at best), do they have the time to take their grievance to court?

Further, do the poor have the education or information to realize that their grievances against unjust treatment might be remedied in a court of law? Who will inform them? Will it be attornies-on-the-job? This is unlikely at present due to the ethical restrictions placed on attornies by the various State Bar Associations. There is presently inadequate distinction between solicitation of cases (penalty: debarment) and education of the poor as to legal grievances.

Thus American society may not be a just society. Our unjust laws may not be merely aberrations, but rather whole microsystems of institutionalized injustice against certain classes of people. And our "legal and rational" means of changing unjust laws may not be equally accessible to all persons.

Unfortunately, it may be necessary to recognize a place for violence and illegality in contemporary American society (this is not a request for illegality to be legalized). It may be necessary to understand that for a minority without adequate access to legal means, the mode of gaining attention to their plight may require an appeal to man's fascination for the violent act. Further, the concept of illegality implies the possibility of punishment. In a certain rather distasteful sense, to commit an illegal act, to expose oneself to the possibility of punishment, may be considered an establishment of the credibility of the claim of injustice by the person acting illegally: he or she is willing to risk punishment.

Finally, Mr. Wood speaks of the priority of preserving our legal system as a whole over "the effects of almost any corruption..." Though here this priority will be granted objection, the implied questionable assumption is that civil disobedience is destructive of our legal system. On this point, I share at least in the spirit of Jon Groetzinger's "Letter to the Editor" in last week's Campus by questioning Mr. Wood's argument that civil disobedience leads to lawlessness. Further, it should be pointed out that it is quiet possible to argue that any corruption or injustice which irrationally threatens the right to life, civil liberty, or the civil pursuit of happiness may be just as, if not more, destructive of our legal system than may be the illegal attempt to correct that iniustice.

I have many more objections to Mr. Wood's article. Even the material contained herein is incomplete and therefore inadequate. I regret the inadequacies. However, practicality requires I presently limit myself to what has been done here. I welcome dissenting views. It is of the utmost importance to note here that in no way has it been the intent of this letter to condone acts of violence. Rather, and it has been my intent to voice objection to Mr. Wood's overly intolerant and unrealistic view of dissent in American society. Further, it is my intention to have pointed towards a more realistic and understanding view of illegal dissent in order to avoid the repressive attitudes which may stem from Mr. Wood's intolerant type of viewpoint.

John Cuneo

McDonald and Giles...

Continued from page 4

The album contains five songs. The first four are on side one. "Suite in C," an eleven minute cut, displays some of the diversity of music that these musicians can produce. It opens with basic acoustic guitar and builds with the addition of bass, drums, and finally strings and brass. Yet the song retains its tranquil and light mood (as does the whole album). McDonald shows his versatility on a number of instruments and Giles shows himself to be a most interesting and innovative, if not at times over-active drummer. The rest of side one consists of short excursions into musical imagination with influences of sounds like Pink Floyd and Frank Zappa. Side Two is a long mixture called "Birdman" with various subtitles. It is basically instrumental and is interesting to listen to and as background music for a spring day or mood.

Overall, the album has to be noted as an ambitious and yet personal effort by two talented artists. The results are pleasant and though not exceptionally exciting, they do exhibit a potential of some note. It is an album of interest because it is different than most of the new music coming from England. It is by no means hard rock but rather hovers gently between jazz and classical styles. The effort is sophisticated, well arranged and enjoyable listening.

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